

# COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1919

No. 4

## ST. JOE WALLOPS GOODLAND... 56 — 0.

St. Joe met Goodland Sunday, November 16, expecting a hard fight from these gridiron warriors, who boasted of holding Morocco to a close score. St. Joe, however, proved much too strong for them, requiring just two minutes and twenty-five seconds to make the first fourteen points. In spite of the onesided score the game held the interest of the spectators, because of the many sensational plays staged by St. Joe.

LaMere, O'Brien and Tony Schaefer made several sensational catches of forward passes and Wellman assisted by Lachmaier demoralized the Goodland line by powerful plunges which often terminated in long runs.

**First Quarter.**—St. Joe kicked off to Goodland's forty yard line and when Goodland fumbled took the ball. After two downs Goodland recovered the ball on St. Joe's fumble, but gave an opening for a touchdown when the Goodland quarterback obligingly handed the ball to LaMere and Wellman kicked goal. Score, St. Joe 7, Goodland 0.

Goodland kicked to White, who carried the ball to St. Joe's forty yard line. O'Brien grabbed a long forward pass and ran forty yards for a touchdown, Lamour giving great interference. Lachmaier kicked goal. Score, St. Joe 14, Goodland 0.

St. Joe kicked off to Goodland's thirty yard line and Babcock carried the ball eight yards. On the second down Goodland failed to gain, but on the third Babcock broke away for a five yard gain. He was stopped by Williams. Goodland failing to gain St. Joe took the ball on downs. O'Brien made fourteen yds. and Williams twenty through tackle. Lachmaier failed to gain. Wellman carried the ball for a ten yard gain. With five yards to go, Williams was called back and plunged through for a touchdown. St. Joe failed to kick goal. Score, St. Joe 20, Goodland 0.

St. Joe kicked off to Goodland's forty yard line and Stetin receiving carried the ball five yards. On the next play Tony Schaefer threw Babcock for a loss. Goodland surprised us with a successful forward pass, making eight yards on the play. On the next play they made only one yard and were forced to punt. O'Brien caught the ball, on our thirty yard line and carried it fifteen yards. The whistle ended the quarter with the score, St. Joe 20, Goodland 0.

**Second Quarter.**—Soucie took White's place for St. Joe. Wellman fumbled the ball on the first play but Lachmaier recovered for St. Joe. O'Brien made two yards. Joe LaMere speared a fast pass in a sensational play which netted St. Joe twenty yards. O'Brien made twenty yards around end. Wellman made two yards; Lachmaier made three

yards; Wellman lost a yard. O'Brien made a dropkick from the thirty yard line. St. Joe 23, Goodland 0.

St. Joe kicked off to the forty yard line and Williams stopped Champley on the forty-eight yard line. Stetin fumbled on the next play but Goodland recovered. St. Joe was penalized five yards for offside play, which made the down the first and ten to go. Two passes failing, Goodland punted. O'Brien caught the punt on our eleven yard line and carried it twenty yards. Lachmaier made five yards, Wellman three yards and Lachmaier made it first and ten. Wellman broke through tackle for fifty yards and a touchdown afterwards kicking goal. St. Joe 30, Goodland 0.

**Third Quarter.**—St. Joe kicked off to Goodland's thirty-five yard line and Greenwell stopped the Goodland man on their thirty-eight yard line. Carvin, who went in at quarter for Goodland in the second half, made two yards. Goodland fumbled and St. Joe took the ball. Meade of Goodland intercepted St. Joe's pass and made the only substantial gain for his team on a forty yard run. Wellman stopped him before he became dangerous. Babcock failed to gain; Champley made 2 yds. and Goodland punted to St. Joe's thirty yard line. St. Joe fumbled and Goodland recovered the ball. Goodland fumbled on their first play and Lachmaier recovered the ball for St. Joe. O'Brien again captured a long forward pass and gave St. Joe another marker. Wellman kicked the goal. St. Joe 37, Goodland 0.

Linder took Greenwell's place. Lachmaier kicked off to Goodland's twenty yard line. Goodland punted to their fifty yard line. Wellman carried the ball for a touchdown on the first play, but failed to kick goal. St. Joe 43, Goodland 0.

Merrick was substituted for Soucie. Goodland kicked off and Tony Schaefer received the ball on our ten yard line, carrying it to our thirty yard line. A pass failed; Wellman made nine yards through tackle, and Lachmaier made it first and ten to go. Wellman made nine yards on a shift play, and Tony missed a pass just as the whistle blew the end of the third quarter.

**Fourth Quarter.**—C. Hession was substituted for Lamour. Goodland kicked off. With St. Joe in possession of the ball, Tony Schaefer was called back but failed to gain. On the next play he carried the ball for thirty yards on a forward pass. Wellman failed to gain and O'Brien carried the ball over for a touchdown. The kick for goal failed. St. Joe 49, Goodland 0.

Hoban took Schaefer's place and Eisenhower took Donnelly's place. St. Joe received and Eisenhower carried the ball to the 45 yard line. O'Brien made two yards after a pass failed, and Wellman made it first and ten. St. Joe's pass was inter-



cepted by Champley who was stopped by Eisenhauer on the forty yard line. Goodland fumbled and St. Joe took the ball. A pass failing Wellman made ten yards on a right line shift. Again he made four yards on a crossbuck. A pass failed. Lachmaier speared the next pass and made twenty yards for St. Joe. Wellman made two yards and Lachmaier the remaining yard for a touchdown. The goal was kicked just as the final whistle blew. Final score, St. 56, Goodland 0.

| Goodland | Lineup. | St. Joe.  |
|----------|---------|-----------|
| Champley | F. B.   | Wellman   |
| Babcock  | H. B.   | Lachmaier |
| Stetin   | H. B.   | O'Brien   |
| Meade    | J. B.   | LaMere    |
| Wilson   | C.      | Short     |
| Beetle   | G.      | Greenwell |
| Mitter   | G.      | Donnelly  |
| Babcock  | T.      | Williams  |
| Yochem   | T.      | White     |
| Babcock  | E.      | Lamour    |
| Turley   | E.      | Schaefer  |

Substitutes—for Goodland, Carvin, for St. Joe, Soucie, Linder, C. Hession, Eisenhauer, Hoban, Merrick.

Heard at the Library Service Window.

Got Tennyson's "Enoch in the Garden?"  
Give me Macaulay's "Essays of Elia."  
How's "Tables of the Wayside Inn?"  
Our professor told us to read: Cooper's "Tail of Two Cities." (Of course we know he didn't)  
You haven't got "Two Ears Before the Mast" have you?  
We're supposed to read: "The Other Crab of the Breakfast Table." (in III English.)  
Let me see Stevenson's "Travels with a Honkey."  
How long a poem is Bryant's "Thanaflopsis."  
Have you got "More Heart Sobs?" No, sobbed the Librarian.  
When are you going to get the "Mystery of a Jitney Bus?"  
Say, are we allowed to read Dickens' "Picnic Papers?"

Unhonored and Unsung.

"The quarterback and halfback in the College Cheer do shine.

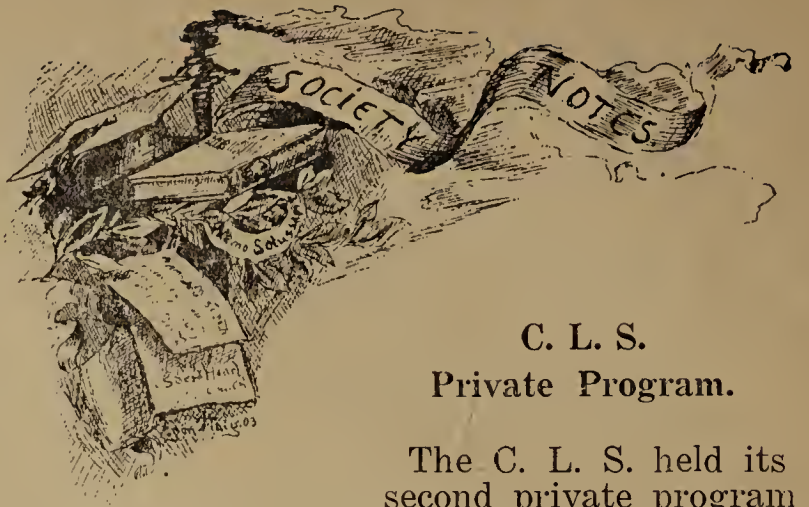
But the lad who does the business is the rough-neck on the line."

ASPIRATION.

"Deep silent rests the soil  
'Neath Winter's night,  
Yet glory of the summer's toil  
Shall break despite."

Unspeaking glides a thought  
'Neath mirds sweet yoke.  
Yet close it clings as tho untaught  
Until 'tis spoke.

"Remember that quarter I owe you?"  
"Yes. What about it?"  
"Well, put it out in the rain and let the dust settle it."



C. L. S.  
Private Program.

The C. L. S. held its second private program Sunday, Nov. 16th. This program was a great improvement over the first one making the evening a very pleasant one for the audience. The feature of the evening was a debate between F. McCormick and Francis Miller on Prohibition. McCormick the teetotaller since June 30th. won the debate and vindicated Prohibition. Others appearing were Simeon Schmidt, Leo Pursley, Paul Cox, Joseph Inkrott, Andrew Kammer, Anthony Wolf, and Fred. Fehrenbacher.

Meeting of the Turners.

On Nov. 13th. the following officers were elected.

Elmer Kampsen, Turnward  
John Schaeffer, Vorturner at the Parallels  
Walter Regnier, Vorturner at the Horse  
Alphonse McCoy, Vorturner at Tumbling  
Paul Greenwell, Vorturner at the Bar  
Gerald Durkin, Clownmaster

The Turners are, in a certain sense, the only secret organization in Collegeville. In all other fields of athletic work, tryouts, and the success of this or that team is a matter of common gossip. But the Turners go about their work quietly and privately, as is necessary, and show us only the finished product of their labors. The terminology and insignia of the Turners, no doubt, are very strange to newcomers, but their exhibition in the course of the school year will be more of a surprising novelty. It has been so in past years. Success to them this year.

The Cheering.

We have a real cheerleader in Mugsy. He certainly knows how to get the gang together and put the pep into them. In all our foot-ball games the cheering was above par, and helped wonderfully to bring the victory to St. Joe.

Only a gridiron warrior can know the thrill experienced when he hears the rooters on the sidelines backing him to the limit and imploring him to bring honor and victory to his Alma Mater. It makes him feel like fighting to the last ditch.

This year we have seen the first concentrated effort made towards cheering since the days of Lause, and we must take our hats off to Mel. Conway for his work and spirit. This however is only a begining and we know what to expect during Basket Ball Season.

"Good luck to you Mugsy!"



## COLLEGE CHEER

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### STAFF

CARL GAUL, Editor-in-chief,  
LEO PURSLEY, Associate Editor,  
FRANCIS WEISS, Associate Editor,  
JAMES O'BRIEN, Manager.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

### ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,  
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Wednesday, November 26, 1919.

### EDITORIALS.

The principle of unity in variety is about as practically illustrated in College Life as in any other community in which you may chance to stray. One student excels in this field, another in that, one man has a dozen little admirers flocking about him as he leaves the gridiron, another has as many or more, youngsters with gaping mouth, awe stricken, at his performance on the stage or perhaps his more than ordinary skill with some musical instrument. Another species in this museum of wonders is the brilliant brain of the class-room, plus his antipode the untiring block-head. There are students with more popularity than they have mental equilibrium to carry; there are some who mean well, do well, and find one or two understanding brothers among their fellow students; there are students who borrow everything they have and lend everything they have not; some flash and shine and sputter at propitious intervals and then meekly draw off their forces for some little dark horse to trot across the stage with the class medal; some indulge a perennial habitude for smiling; others find their supreme delight in being miserable, and count it poor day's work if they haven't picked up a disciple or two among the student-body.

Oh yes, you will find this variety wherever human beings are assembled, and it's a mighty providential thing that you do. But did you ever plumb very deeply for the grand medium of reconciliation in College. There is one. — an airy and intangible something perhaps, but powerful nevertheless.

What makes this dainty lad who would not soil his fingers on a dirty foot-ball stand along the sideline and root till he is hoarse? What makes the burly athlete applaud the physical weakling who scores a triumph on the stage? Answer the question and you may cry "Eureka" with perfect satisfaction.

Men and pins are useless when they lose their heads.

## A Thanksgiving Idyl

A thrifty business man tripped gay  
From contracts, deals of great import,  
From office, and all money'd work.  
Cigar and man swang down the street  
And with the smoke he seemed to send  
His very satisfaction into air.

When halfway home  
Some sudden hand grasped his  
And squeezed it red.  
An old acquaintance quite forgot;  
Or no, why sure! a boyhood friend —  
Come into town to fill  
The morrow's invitation.

"And how is Bill?"  
"Oh, fine! And you?"  
And moments fled toward dinner's hour  
The while these friends old thoughts regale,  
Past them

In hustled gait through mid-day's sun  
Go women men and children,  
Hearts same attuned for the tomorrow.  
Bill thought of happy rich and happier poor  
That all the morrow's joys would share,  
Till his cigar burned down to ash.

An aged woman passed,  
A golden pumpkin under arm;  
A boy and girl with turkeys due and dear;  
And then a lad, with wagon small  
Filled with big pumpkins whistled proudly by.  
"Looks like Thanksgiving, eh" said Joe.  
And Bill — (yes he was Bill again)  
Left off his meditating look,  
Lit next a new cigar with reminiscent smile  
And uttered boyishly his mind:  
"Gosh, Joe, I'd like to be a kid again!"  
And Joe: "Remember, Bill,  
That pumpkin-pie your mother baked  
You swiped to share with me  
A dirty newsie, hungry and forlorn?  
Remember when you chipped in too  
For all the other noisy newsies  
'Round your house?"

So went two men's big hearts  
To boyhood days again.  
Recounting anniversaries  
When youth was short, and pie and turkey fleeting;  
When fall great drops of mellow joys  
This happy land o'er all.

What force  
That conjured boyhood days  
And severed thoughts from press of toil,  
The same it was that made Bill say:  
"So long, Joe," and dwellingly reflect  
While finishing cigar and homeward bound  
What blessedness to be a boy;  
How he was once a boy, — and thanks for that.  
And thanks for all tomorrow's joys,  
And thanks for Thanksgiving itself!  
No thankful act but brings its joy.

### Change the Gears!

Charles' uncle was a tall man, and one day when he had Charles out for a walk he forgot the length of a child's step, and poor Charles was almost running to keep up. They came to a rise in the grade of the walk and Charles stopped and said: "O, uncle, please change into low; I just can't make it on high."



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## Thanksgiving Day.

One's nostrils quiver these crisp autumn mornings, hungry for that faint odeur which seems to steal across the fields, the odour of turkey, of chicken, of pumpkin pie. "The frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock," and all the world's waiting for Thanksgiving Day.

What a day of days is Thanksgiving. What it means for this land! Nowhere else will we find, in no other country can we experience that feeling of comfort and good cheer, nowhere else does Plenty, that buxom maid, shower her blessings with so lavish a hand. America must always stand alone among the nations; her ways, her laws, especially her holidays, must ever remain strange to other shores.

And indeed who has more to be thankful for than America? the American? Who has better reason for setting aside a day to thank God for his many benefits? Never was a country more blessed than ours. Freedom, man's dearest possession is the foundation of our national life; a fertile country, and a prosperous one is ours, inhabited by a hardy, progressive, God-fearing race. Our wealth is untold, our manhood the cream of the earth. Small wonder then that we have instituted Thanksgiving Day.

St. Joseph's together with all who are here, has also been, it seems to me, the object of Divine Providence. A better course of studies cannot be found, neither a better bunch of fellows. Our number may seem small compared to some institutions, but quality makes up for quantity.

So let us all celebrate Thanksgiving Day in royal fashion! There is no doubt that the big dinner will satisfy all your wants. Pitch in with a zest; get a smile on your face, and bury your troubles with your teeth in the leg of a chicken. And after that day, keep up that spirit, and make the entire school year one Thanksgiving.

"Don't look for the flaws"  
As you go through life,  
And ever when you find them  
'Tis wise and kind to be somewhat blind  
And look for the virtue behind them.

## MY MOLESKIN PAL.

Old football togs,  
With the mud of bogs,  
High hanging in the attic;  
Despite your mud,  
You're my old "Bud,"  
And that is most emphatic.

Grand was the day,  
When hard at play,  
We fought on the field together;  
The foe we'd stay,  
Or break the way,  
For goal-ward sweep of leather!

Your'e cobweb spun,  
And I can't run,  
As in the olden game, sir;  
Ah, lost or won,  
We knew we'd done  
Our games just the same, sir!

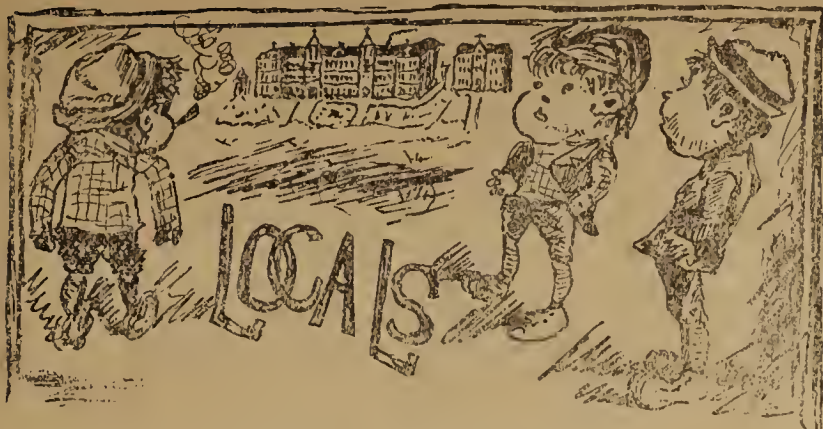
Old football suit  
I caren't a hoot  
For other clothes I've worn lad;  
But you, my mute,  
Old bloody suit,  
From me will ne'er be torn lad!

Young men have sought  
To call you bought,  
And offered me good money;  
But just the thought  
Of how we fought  
Prevented, — ain't it funny?

## Shoulder Your Own Errors.

We are shallow and selfish and lacking in dignity when we play one thing against another to gain our ends. Is it that we cannot think largely, comprehensively enough to realize that when we disown responsibility for our actions and sayings we are reflecting upon others to their hurt and discomfiture? It is almost as great a crime to be indifferent or unheedful of these matters as to be malevolent. There is something radically wrong with us innately if we cannot sponsor our own individual ideas and opinions without making some one a "but" for them.—





There is a bright young fellow,  
a student at St. Joseph's  
He came from Troy, Ohio, on very little notice.  
Up there he used to crack stale jokes,  
Until one sunny day,  
The town of Troy got sore and then,  
He beat it to this place,  
Ah, woe is me that ever he, did cross these hal-  
lowed portals,  
For now he cracks the self same jokes,  
To pester us poor mortals.  
However, we have found a way to keep him out  
of trouble,  
We'll start a new department, of ancient jokes a  
muddle.  
And now the gates of memory will certainly be  
open,  
We introduce our jokesmith, J. Percial P. Hoban.



What's the score?  
Nothing to nothing  
Whose favor??

Student—Attending one of Shakesphere's Com-  
edies. "Gee, why, don't this guy Shakesphere get  
some new jokes?"

Maloney to a group of fellows: Yep, Hans  
Wagner and Nap Lajoie were certainly great ball  
players."

Young Fellow—just arrived: "Say, are those  
fellows going to play for us this season?"

The other day in a basketball game one of the  
players was taking a nice ride on another fellows  
back, but suddenly jumped off and complained to  
the referee because the other fellow was taken  
steps.

"May you live all the day of your life says  
Swift." Wise old Swift—but this is Jonathan  
Swift, not Swift Miller.



Rose.—"I see you have a new pair of glasses,  
Jim. Kampsen."

"Yes, my uncle died a short time ago and I just  
couldn't see his glasses go to waste."

Paul Brady: "Say Step, what relation is a door  
to a door-mat?"

Step Lange: "Only a step farther, Paulus."

A wise one heard before last Sunday's game.

Maloney. "What's the delay; why don't they  
start the game?"

Schnitz. "They haven't got their quarter back  
yet."

Maloney. "Aw! Send them over to the gate,  
and I'll give e'm their two bits.

Miller.— Lost, A check book by a student  
doubled in the middle.

### Heard in Bookkeeping Class.

Seal: "Where are you going Gerald?"

Shank: "To raise the window."

Seal: "What for?"

Shank: "To meet a draft, George."

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## THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

Football at St. Joseph's has passed into discard for this year. The team clearly demonstrated that it was up to snuff, as the saying goes. The attendance at the games was the largest ever recorded, so that we may look back upon the season and feel satisfied both in mind and pocket-book.

In seeking the cause for the extraordinary success of this season, we must turn to those who are at the helm, the Rev. Athletic Director and the Football Manager, Joe Hession. Difficulties, seemingly insurmountable, at first beset their paths, but they cleared the way, and made possible the games that followed. Conflicting dates for a time seemed to destine the season to complete failure, but hardly had we begun to bewail our ill luck when one of the best teams in this part of the state was announced as on our schedule. The ice between St. Joe and Rensselaer was broken, and the result was a snappy game of football, which our boys took only after a hard struggle. Lafayette furnished strong opposition soon after and then Goodland we led to the slaughter. All this was due to the efforts of the Rev. Director and the Manager.

But the most capable of directors and managers can do nothing without a good team to back them. Our team this year was one of the snappiest in the annals of the sport here. Much credit is due the coach, Harry Schaffer, who by constant driving kept the team on edge, and injected some of his own pepery spirit into his men.

Ultimately of course the team's success depended upon its members, upon their ability to stand the knocks of a hard game, and the grit to keep on fighting when all seemed lost. Here again we were fortunate, the greatest pleasure of every man on the team was to get his man, to fight him to a standstill. On the offensive the team showed up at its best, whether a line play was needed a run around end, a crossbuck, or a forward pass, ten to one a gain would be made. On the defense the line was best when hard pressed, when the enemy was close to our goal. Then that line became a stone wall, and the enemy's strength was shattered upon it in futile attempts to break

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through. They were impregnable. Our best evidence of this fact is that the enemy crossed our line only once for a touchdown. Our offensive ability is shown by the fact that St. Joe scored 69 points to the opponents 7.

Yet let us not forget one all-important factor in the development of any football team, the scrub, that lowly creature, who day after day goes forth to be pounded by the big team, in order that it may be developed to its full strength. All credit to the scrubs, for they showed as much fight as any man on the big team, with few prospects of winning the glory that was the former's reward. They were the men behind the guns, the fellows that kept up the pep, that sent our team to victory, and made this season the best in our history.

**SCHOOLBOY ENGLISH.**

Even our education is "slivery" on the under side. You go into the school and are so pleased with the correct intonation, the precision of grammatical construction, the exactness of statement in the language used by the pupils in their recitations. You compliment the pupils and praise the teacher, and your opinion of our school goes to ninety in the shade. Then as you walk down street after school hours you hear two young gentlemen, who are prize pupils, conversing across the length of the block, loudly discussing the examinations through which they passed triumphantly:

"Hello, Skin-nee!"

"Hey, Bill!"

"Watch ge getin rithmetic?"

"Eighty-seven—unni diddun texpect togit morn forty. Jew passin grammar?"

"Betcher boots sidid; got ninety-three anni eony made two mistakes in histry, anni got a hunded din spellin all right."

"Sodi. George Goodie failed in spellin."

"Yessanni ndewoodtoo; furry alway looked in the book. Cummout tafter suppers navsom fun!"

"Can't cossi gotto goto meeting with mum-muther. See?"

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